was saying to them, "You know me? Did I save one of yours? Now, what I say goes."

He was impeccably honest and required the same of the guards he sent to the market to buy food for the prisoners. I heard him instructing a recruit, "Each prisoner's kopek must be accounted for. Who steals from a free man is a thief. So what? But if you steal from a prisoner, you are mean and despicable, the meanest man in the world."

A week before the trial I was called to the office and shown my files. There was nothing new except a record from the city hospital. The prisoner Litkens, transferred for observation to the ward for mental patients, had died of tuberculosis. With him died my revolutionary youth.

My sister Nadya came to visit me. I had not seen her for three years but could not see any change in her. She was young, attractive, full of artistic interests, and as fond of me as before. However, all her kindness could not pierce the wall between us. She remained in Novgorod for the trial and asked me to conduct my defense in the grand style. I explained to her that this would be pointless: the new sentence would be absorbed by the term I was serving. But Nadya worried over my lack of interest in the matter, thought such passivity was not in my character, and hoped that a public appearance—even in the docket of defendants—would raise my morale. I promised her I would make a political speech if it came to a trial.

The trial, however, was a disappointment to her. At the opening, the judge asked me to identify myself by name and status. I answered, "Woytinsky, Wladimir, sentenced to four years of forced labor and deportation to Siberia for life." The prosecuting attorney asked the court whether this sentence had been certified officially, and, after the clerk confirmed that it was in the file, the trial was adjourned and the Borovenka affair was closed.

I returned to the ward. My roommates had often asked me about Ekaterinoslav, but I was reluctant to talk about the Castle of Death. The night after the trial, when I was ready to go back to Ekaterinoslav, they asked me again. This time I was in a talkative mood. I began to tell them about the massacre of April 29, the reign of terror, the death sentences, the execution of innocent people. We recessed late in the night, and I concluded the story the next evening. My companions urged me to write down what I had told them. This seemed like a good idea, but the whole story was too long, and I wrote down only the part about the death sentences and executions.

Novgorod had a small group of intellectuals who sympathized with leftist parties. They called themselves the Political Red Cross